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crowd of semi-nude Balinese of all ages, one cannot help wondering what the comparison would be should men and women of our cities suddenly appear in the streets nude above the waist.

Their character is easy, courteous, and gentle, but they can be intense and can show strong temper if aroused. They are gay and witty; there is nothing that a Balinese loves more than a good joke, especially if it is off-colour, and even children make ribald puns that are applauded by grown-ups. It is perhaps in their mad sense of humour, the spirit of Rabelaisian fun with which they handle even such forbidding subjects as religion and death, that lies the key to their character. The adjective "childish" or "childlike," so often misapplied to primitive peoples, does not suit the Balinese, because even the children show a sophistication often lacking in more civilized grown-ups. They are resourceful and intelligent, with acute senses and quick minds. Once, when I mentioned the goodness of a very short friend, the immediate reply was: "How could he be otherwise, he is so small!" One day Spies's monkey got loose and ran all over the house upsetting and breaking things. All the Balinese boys chased the monkey, but it let them come to within a few feet of it and then leaped out of reach onto the roof or a tree. The only one who did not join in the chase was Rapung, our teacher of Balinese, because he was a newcomer to the household and the monkey snarled and sprung at him every time Rapung passed near where it was tied: they hated each other. When it became plain that the monkey could not be captured so easily, one of the boys had the bright idea of having everybody pretend to attack Rapung, imitating the monkey, making faces, and squealing at him. Soon the monkey forgot that he himself was persecuted and joined in the attack, but when he was most aggressive someone grabbed him.

The pride of the Balinese has not permitted the development of one of the great professions of the East: there are no beggars in Bali. But this unique distinction is now threatened by tourists who lure boys and girls with dimes to take their pictures, and

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placed the offering *tetagpulú*, two truncated cones wrapped, one in black, the other in red thread, each topped by a fan of palm-leaf. They sat on the bed, the boy cross-legged, the girl kneeling, and made reverences (*sembah*), bringing their joined hands three times to their foreheads, each time holding between their middle fingers little *sampian*, fans of palm decorated with flowers. Next the food they had cooked together was brought to them on silver platters, and, with their necks joined by a Tenganan scarf with the warp left uncut, they had to feed each other some rice and twí. Their movements were hampered by the scarf and they were shy and clumsy. The guests thought this extremely funny and laughed heartily, making the couple turn red with embarrassment. They gave each other water to drink from a *kendih*, but the crucial test was the mutual chewing of *sirih*, betel-nut, to which they were not accustomed. The boy chewed the *sirih* reluctantly, making wry faces, handing some already chewed to his bride. This concluded the first half of the ceremony, until the afternoon, when the priest would come to perform their ritual purification.

I was told that among the common people the girl walks three times around the offerings (*pangulapan*) holding the *tetagpulú* in her arms, while two of the boy's relatives hold a string across her path. She walks on until the string breaks (*benang tebusan*). Later the couple walks again three times around a small *dadap* tree specially planted for the occasion, the girl with a platter of rice on her head, the boy carrying on his shoulder a pole loaded with good stuff such as coconuts, a chicken, and a duck. Then they sit side by side behind the priest or witch-doctor (*balian*) and pray while he dedicates the offerings. They also take a meal in public — an act which appears to have a special significance, since only a married couple would ever be seen together eating in public.

The blessing by the priest to purify the couple that we witnessed, at the wedding of a prominent prince of Gianyar, was exceptionally elaborate. Three great sheds had been specially

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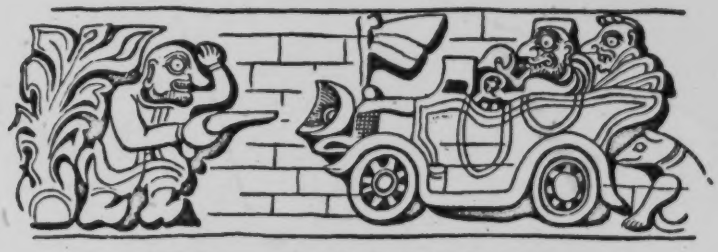
346 drinking beer; a soldier raping a girl; or a man on a bicycle with
531 two great flowers for wheels. Fantastic pornographic subjects
[881] are always a source of hilarious comedy and in many temples in
[522] both North and South Bali such subjects are found as temple decorations. As if the mad tangle of stone vegetation were not enough, in North Bali they outline the decorations with white paint to make them even more conspicuous, and in villages like Babetin, Ringdikit, and Djagaraga the overpowering decoration



A Hold-up, a Temple Relief in Djagaraga

is painted in bright blue, red, and yellow, giving as a result the wildest and most unrestrained effects.

322 The art of wood-carving has suffered a curious transformation
532 since our first visit to Bali in 1930. Then the majority of the objects carved in wood were made for utilitarian purposes: from carved doors and beams for houses, musical instruments, masks for dramatic shows, handles for implements, to little statues of deities and other ritual accessories. These were of the conventional contemporary Balinese style: flowers and curlicues in high relief for flat surfaces (*ukiran*), and for sculpture in the round (*togog*), statues of divinities, demons, and other characters of mythology dressed in classical attire and profusely ornamented. Furthermore, all wood-carvings were meant to be covered with paint, lacquer, or goldleaf and only in exceptional cases was the wood left in its raw state. There were unusual pieces, but they
532 were freaks among the predominant styles.

322 Travellers had started to buy Balinese carvings, however, and
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346 teeth. For the same purpose there is a variation of this same
531 motif, a *karang astí*, the jawless head of an elephant. The word *karang* means a reef, a rock, but it also is the word for setting jewels or for a flower arrangement. It has been attempted to
[114] give these ornaments an esoteric religious meaning (according to Nieuwenkamp), the representation of the souls of inanimate objects — rocks, mountains, plants — of which they form a part; when a Balinese was pressed to explain why they did not have

Karang Bintulu chiselled on the Silver Sheath of a Kris

lower jaws, he replied that it was because they did not have to
● [522] eat solid food! This is, in my opinion, a typical Balinese wisecrack and not an indication of any such symbolical meaning.

[171] These motifs are the starting-point for the intricate volutes, leaves, flowers, flaming motifs, and so forth, strongly reminiscent of those used in ancient Java, but also found in Siam, Cambodia, and even in the objects of the Dyaks of Borneo, a people uninfluenced by Hinduistic art. All-over patterns are called *karang*, while the carved borders in the mouldings are named *patra*, of which there is a *patra olanda* (from the Portuguese word for Holland?) and a *patra tjina*, a "Chinese border." Here and there small panels are carved with representations of episodes from their literature: animals from the *tantri* stories, the Balinese Æsop's fables; suggestive scenes from the *Ardjuna Wiwaha* in which the nymphs of heaven make passionate love to Ardjuna

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sorts: *ider-ider*, strips of hand-made cotton a foot wide by some fifteen or twenty feet long, hung at festivals under the roofs, all around the pavilions in houses and temples; and *langsé*, wide pieces of painted cloth used as hangings or curtains. There were often calendars (*pelelintangan*) used to establish the horoscopes of children, divided into squares with symbolical designs, one for each of the thirty-five days of the month. Often the paintings represented scenes of mythology, episodes and battles from the literary epics; but there were seldom scenes from daily life and never of contemporary subjects. The characters shown were invariably gods, devils, princes, and princesses with their retainers, dressed in the ancient costumes of Hindu-Javanese times. Their attitudes were stilted and the subjects standardized, but at times the restricted artist found an episode where he could give vent to his erotic sense of humour and he took good advantage of a love scene or a mishap to one of the retainers of the heroes. Erotic paintings were met with at times, scenes of fantastic attitudes in love-making, which they assured me would prevent the house where they were kept from burning!

Only the old paintings showed skill and taste; the modern ones sold at the lobby of the Bali Hotel were coarse, hastily made, and with a sad poverty of subject-matter. Painting was at a standstill, no longer in demand from the Balinese themselves and suffering from lack of freedom of expression. Only rarely did we find pictures with style, but the reason for this was the systematic and mechanical manner in which they were made; a master painter drew the main outlines and gave the final touches, leaving his children and apprentices to fill in the colours. Once in Gelgel, centre of painters of the conventional style, the two children of a painter had a heated argument because one had painted with blue the flesh parts of a figure and insisted he was right.

The following are among the invariable rules to be followed by painters of the conservative style: all available space must be covered by the design, even to the blank spaces between the

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tage of this form of expression to propagandize religion and adapted the stories of Hindu mythology into dramatic performances for the masses, illustrating the episodes of the life of Rama and Ardjuna with marionettes. As the popularity of the *wayang* grew, it became stylized theatre with a moral lesson, but it has never lost its mystic function. A performance of *wayang* is prescribed in ceremonials at important stages of the life of the Balinese like children's anniversaries, the coming of age of girls, teeth-filings, marriages, cremations, and temple feasts. The *wayang* may be performed in the daytime, without a screen and without an audience, but with a specified story, as magic support to the ceremony. Hardly a night goes by when the fluid music of the *wayang* cannot be heard somewhere. The fantastic adventures of the little leather puppets have a powerful hold on the imagination of young and old alike, who seem to prefer a *wayang* show to the more spectacular performance by human beings.

Travellers watching a shadow-play become bored after a short time and cannot understand why the great crowds sit listening with profound attention to the plays that do not end till dawn. But to the Balinese the *wayang* is more than vague shadows on a screen. It is the medium of their classical poetry, for their ribald humour; and, most important of all, it is the greatest factor in the spiritual education of the masses. In a performance given by an inspired story-teller, there prevails the curious mixture of mysticism and of slapstick humour that the Balinese love so. Every object and every move of the marionettes has a symbolical significance aside from the purely entertaining aspect of the show. The *dalang* is an artist and a great spiritual teacher. Years of training, a thorough knowledge of the stories and their moral value, are required of a good *dalang*. His popularity depends on his inspiration, his humour, and his ability to handle the marionettes while he improvises comic dialogues. But his reputation also depends on his *sakti*, his magic power. He is invariably the star of the show.

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off the cloth, gets up, and after dancing for a short while behind the curtain, makes his appearance. This is done for each character, and each mask is carefully wrapped and put away after it is used. This is not for showmanship since it is always done inside the booth and out of sight of the public.

Comic Characters in the *Topéng*

As the play develops, the various characters are introduced, starting with the usual clowns, the servants of the prime ministers of the kings involved.

Only the clowns speak in *topéng* performances and they wear half-masks that leave the mouth free, while the finer characters use pantomime. The absurd clowns are clumsy, with stiff wild hair and bulbous noses: one is a shy little man with eyes bulging, who lisps and moves with birdlike gestures; the other is a coarse character with terrifying hollow eyes, large holes in his mask, through which the actor's own eyes can be seen. He has an unkempt moustache and a monstrous hare-lip. After them appear the refined old men with red faces and masses of white hair, high-tempered prime ministers, and young princes with smiling,

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545 servant occasionally kneeling before the princess, all the while
536 singing and talking in high, wailing voices. After this, they go "off-stage" simply by sitting on a mat in front of the orchestra.

Deep hollow laughter is heard from behind the curtain, followed by a song announcing the *patih*, the prime minister of the great prince, the hero of the play. The *patih* draws back the curtain and after what seems like unsuccessful attempts to come out, he finally emerges, very impressive and sure of his importance. He struts and grins, singing his own praises, laughing pompously. His abused and browbeaten younger brother Kertalah comes out meekly after him. He is a pitiful little figure dressed in an old football sweater and what look like the old clothes of the *patih*. Instead of a gold kris, he carries a stick or some sort of agricultural implement. His face is crossed with dabs of white paint over his nose and upper lip to indicate that he is a clown. They hold long dialogues, giving hints of the story to follow. The *patih* in his hollow, pretentious manner postures and struts like a turkey; Kertalah lisps or stutters. They joke about topical and local matters, much in the style of circus
● [522] clowns, with the *patih* playing "straight" and acting as foil for the clown. They are the favourites of the crowd and every time an "off-colour" joke is made, it is the women and children who laugh the loudest, while the men blush.

Finally it is time for the prince, the *ratú*, to appear; the *patih* recites his praises and with clasped hands begs him to enter. He describes the prince's beauty as contrasted with his own ugliness, and flatters him, in standard phrases such as: "I am so happy to be the *patih* of such a prince, ha, ha, ha! Come out, Excellency, the road is clear, please come out, I wait for my master."

The prince appears, glittering with gold and tinsel, singing in kawi, dancing in the refined style. The *patih* and Kertalah follow every one of his gestures in awe, trying to imitate them, but succeeding only in a burlesque. By now it is about three in the morning and time for the story to begin. The *ardja* stories

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are romantic episodes of memorable love affairs of princes and princesses, generally full of fantastic situations and with a distinct erotic flavour. The distinguished characters speak and sing in kawi, which is translated into common Balinese by the comedians for the benefit of the unscholarly crowd. The comedy is incredibly funny and rough slapstick, sprinkled with all sorts of bawdy jokes.

Besides the traditional stories, there are popular new plays such as *Sampik* and *Tuan Wei*, adaptations of Chinese love stories that started in 1924 as bastard performances with actors in European clothes playing on mandolins. Eventually these stories became thoroughly Balinese and were incorporated in the *ardja*.

THE DJANGER

An inevitable sight for the newly arrived tourist every Saturday morning was the *djanger*. Under the hanging roots of a great *waringing*, or banyan tree, in the central square of the village, sat a dozen boys and a dozen girls in groups of six, forming a square, the girls facing the girls, the boys opposite each other; a dance master, the *daag*, sat in the centre. The boys wore blue sashes and red hibiscus over their ears; the girls had great fan-shaped head-dresses of flowers and were wrapped in gilt cloth from the armpits to the feet. The boys shouted and shook while the girls sang with baby voices, flinging their hands and flashing their eyes. After a while a girl appeared dressed as a prince, singing and posturing, quarrelling with a wild-looking bird, an actor with a frightful mask, wings, and a bright-coloured tail. The show ended with the death of the bird, shot by an arrow of the prince. Half of the tourists looked on, while the other half snapped pictures furiously. The performance was picturesque and justified the fee, but somehow it did not ring true. Despite the fact that the elaborate show was held on the open road, it attracted only a few children, and the dancers seemed bored and indifferent.

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the performance the glamor of his special gifts. The shadow-play is also often given as a part of the festivities, and a famous *dalang* who can hold his audience all through the night is much sought after, and considered to add both amusement and religious dignity to the proceedings. He should be a man who can recite from the ancient literature, episodes from the Hindu *Ramayana* or *Maha-bharata*, or the Javanese poem, *Ardjoena Wiwaha* and who at the same time can intersperse salty comment on local events (in the mouths of the humorous characters Delem, Sangoet, the Tjondong, and so on) making the course of the old language narrative more intelligible to the popular audience. These various forms of entertainment offered to the gods make up an important part of the festival, and all are prepared with a great amount of enthusiastic creative activity and put on for a merely nominal remuneration.

All these types of activity, the making of the offerings, the setting up of the decorations, and the preparation of the music, dance, and dramatic offerings, make clear what the people mean when they leave off their everyday tasks and flock to the temple saying "*Wenten karja di poera*" (There is work in the temple). Their contributions in money and in kind are small in relation to the expenditure of effort which they gladly make on these occasions. If the pattern of the many times repeated sets of offerings has something of the compulsive about it, this aspect of the services is to a great extent overlaid and offset by the gaiety of their participation, as players and as audience, in the three day celebration. And although it is considered fitting and proper to have at the festival as many and as brilliant performances as can be mustered, there is nothing in the religious prescriptions to make this part of the festival compulsory, and the effort which is expended by the people is in this regard quite voluntary.

In many temples the gods are represented by little figurines of gold, or bronze, or gilded wood,[5] by plain boards on which a face has been carved in primitive style, or by a simple figure woven of palm. Often there are little extra faces of wood, painted as are the masks, which are attached to the figure representing the god for the time that the god is supposed to be present. The figures themselves have no power. They are merely the receptacles, the "sitting-places" (*pelinggihan*) of the higher presence. On days other than those of the festival, the figures are put away in the little houses which belong to the gods, the tiny doors closed upon them. No one gives them a thought until the festival day comes around.

The temple festival is first a communal feast. As a calendric event, it repeats the pattern found in the very old style villages, the old Indo-

[5] Such a sacred figurine may be called an *artja*. Likewise some other object, non-representative in aspect, a stone or bit of bronze, may be kept in the temple shrine, and to such objects also the name *artja* is given.